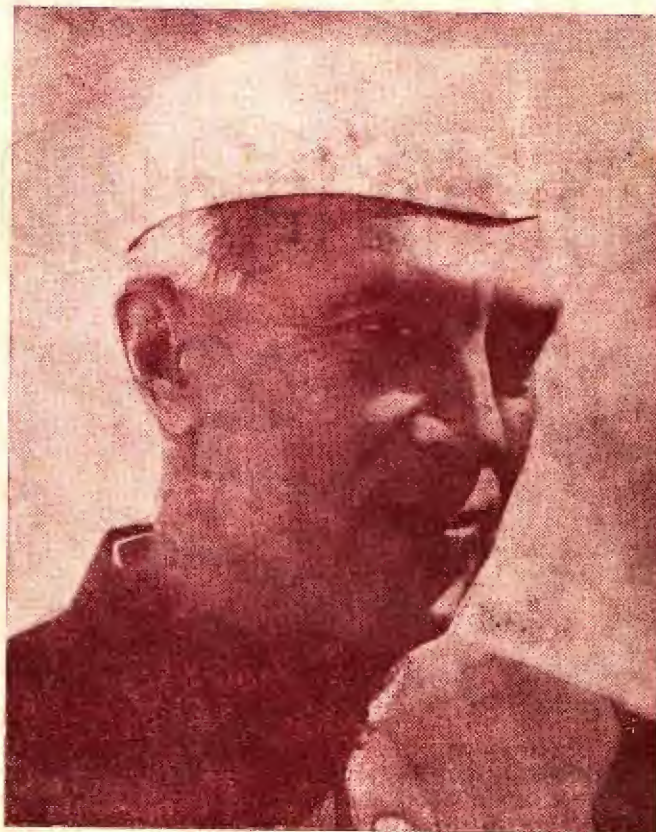


sunshine

NOVEMBER 1976

RE. 1



sunshine

YOUTH MONTHLY WITH A WORLD VIEW
FOUNDED IN 1954

VOL. 23, NO. 4

NOVEMBER 1976

PURPOSE

This Asian Youth Monthly is sponsored by the Children's Sunshine Concerns, a registered Non-profit educational Public Trust organized to ensure the all-round welfare of youth and to promote international understanding. SUNSHINE, founded in 1954, aims at fostering among boys and girls, 12-16, a democratic attitude, the service-above-self ideal, a sense of national unity and a world outlook. It also provides them with general knowledge, citizenship training, hints on efficiency and growing up, and appealing English language practice—all the pleasant way. It seeks to serve their age-equals abroad as a dependable bridge of friendship, and to meet the needs and interests of youth everywhere by giving them literature that is educative, edifying and entertaining.

FOUNDER-EDITOR:

Dr. G. S. Krishnayya (1898-1967)

One-time Principal, Govt. Teachers' College, Belgaum; Educ. Attache, Indian Embassy, U.S.A.; Inspector of European Schools, Bombay State; Prof. of Education, Kolhapur & Mysore. Author of *Pathways to Prose and Poetry*, *Citizenship Training in School*, *The Rural Community and the School*.

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OUR COVER

On Nehru's birth anniversary we remember the sacrifices of our founding fathers.

Nehru and the Freedom Fighters

PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU's birthday falls in November so this month we cannot fail to recall the great heritage he has left us in so many fields. Panditji was a man of letters, a man of action, a believer in science, a humanist, an aristocrat, a democrat.

He set in motion many of the things we take for granted in free India—the Planning Commission, large scale scientific research, the steel mills, great dams and irrigation projects, the Community Development programme for villages. As a result it is easy to forget that for twenty-five years before Independence he was part of the great army of freedom fighters, and that his personality, his values and his philosophy were the result of his participation in the struggle for freedom and against the tyranny of the Viceroy's power.

In July 1976 we observed the bicentenary of the Declaration of Independence of the American colonies. From our articles on this subject (Jan-July 1976) you saw how the new American nation's Constitution and form of government depended upon the wisdom and the experience of the founding fathers like Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson in their long struggle against the tyranny of the British King and Parliament.

Similarly, our country was set on its path by men and women like Nehru, Gandhi, Patel—freedom fighters all. They knew clearly that the purpose of their struggle was to liberate the common man, the peasant. This would require a new social order where the village was the focus of development, not the city, and where the goal of govern-

ment was to increase the welfare of *people* rather than the power of armies. As long as Britain ruled, this could not be, so they struggled with all their energies to oust the British raj.

They had to sacrifice many years of their life in jail or in exile. Even non-violent opposition to the raj led to punishment—the word 'sedition' (agitation against the state's authority) was much heard in court in those days. Pandit Nehru's own newspaper *National Herald* of Allahabad, was in the forefront of the pro-people, anti-British government campaign. The freedom fighters believed that any sacrifice was worthwhile that helped bring sooner the departure of the hated British rulers. Some, like Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose, have become a legend because their fiery spirit could not be contained in Gandhiji's peaceful agitation. Netaji's group not only sponsored violent acts in British India but also organised the "Indian National Army" in Burma and Malaya during 1942-45.

Nehru and the other freedom fighters during their years of struggle dreamed of the country they would build—where every person would have equal opportunities to go to school, to earn a living, to get justice from the courts, to make his voice heard. We must refresh our minds and hearts from the men and women, now still alive, who were part of the freedom struggle: let them tell you the goals for which they struggled and sacrificed; let them share with you the vision of India which Jawaharlal Nehru tried as Prime Minister to bring into reality.

YOUR EDITOR

Mission to Mars

IT WAS 4 P.M. Mars time when the Viking turned itself in the exact position desired—and touched down—facing northwest. The setting sun cast shadows over the black and white boulders. The rocks were varied—some were angular in shape, others rounded and still others blocky and layered. Smooth sand lay between the smaller rocks around Viking's foot pads.

The nearby rocks were about 15 cms. around, but on the horizon, some three to four kilometres away, could be seen boulders which appeared to be several metres in size.

In the two minutes before touchdown (see illustration) which occurred on time at 1742 IST, the spacecraft threw off its heat shield, turned on a surface radar set, lowered its landing gear, unlatched a parachute, turned on its descent engines and, in yet another 'modern miracle' of computers and space science, it gingerly set down between boulders on the Martian surface.

Within 40 minutes of landing, crystal clear observations of the surface began appearing on television screens at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena California, through a unique communications satellite, the Viking-1 *orbiter*. Because the area of Mars where Viking landed was faced away from earth, the *orbiter*, which can see both the *lander* and earth, relayed the signals to earth receivers.

NASA scientists said that the Viking mission was in many respects more complex than the manned Apollo missions to the moon. Without men on board, and with a 19 minute delay in radio transmissions between earth and Mars, the spacecraft was on its own, dependent entirely on its computers and on previously stored commands.

Project Viking is the largest unmanned, space-exploration project in history. It is performing the first comprehensive examination of another planet in the solar system. The purpose of the mission is not merely to look for life on Mars. It is to probe the entire planet and perhaps, by helping us understand the evolution of Mars and why it does or does not have life, give us a better understanding of earth—and its life.

Viking-1 (as also Viking-II which landed on Mars in September) weighs 7,500 pounds. Each travelled 440 million miles in 11 months on a curving arc through space. Once in orbit around Mars they separated into two parts, an *orbiter* and a *lander*. The orbiters are much larger than the landers—each orbiter weighs 2,350 kilograms and measures about 10 metres across and 3 metres from top to bottom. The three-legged lander weighs 1,050 kilograms and measures about three metres long and two metres tall.

Getting the Word From Mars

The earth and Mars are 370 million kilometres apart. At this distance, it takes about 20 minutes for a word from Mars to reach the earth, even though it travels at the speed of light—289,000 kilometres per second.

Direct contact across the astronomical distance takes up a lot of power and heats up the transmitter. As a result, the lander can have only brief morning communications with earth receivers that vary from 50 to 80 minutes in length.

It is much more efficient to send messages to earth through a communications satellite that is orbiting Mars and passes "overhead" the lander for 42 minutes a "day".

When the lander communicates directly with earth it can send over the great distance engineering data—how each instrument is do-

ing—at a rate equal to only one word a second.

But it communicates with the close-by orbiter at a much higher rate—2,000 words per second, for 40 minutes everyday. The orbiter with its greater power then relays this information to earth at 50 words a second, taking from two and half hours to three hours to do so.

Detecting Life on Mars

The biology instrument inside Viking is an ingeniously designed device, a marvel of miniaturization. In addition to a sample collection and delivery system it contains incubation cells, four different gas supplies, two different nutrients, (food for bacteria), two monitors of radioactive carbon, a heat-conduction detector, a gas-analysis system, 43 heaters, four coolers, 39 tiny valves, a lamp that simulates sunlight, and thousands of electronic parts. It can do the task of instruments that fill more than a room in a university laboratory on earth. All this is compacted into a size so small that a person could easily carry it under one arm.

How does it work? Sampling begins as the mechanical arm automatically extends, lowers itself to the surface, opens its scoop-like mouth and picks up the first bite of soil.

Four different samples are collected: one for the biology instruments' three life-detecting laboratories; one for the gas chromatography mass spectrometer (GCMS) that will detect organic molecules (such as methane and ammonia), in the soil; and two for the X-ray fluorescence spectrometer that will analyse the minerals and elements in the dirt.

Sensors inside the soil-receiving units will measure each load delivered by the scoop. If not enough dirt is delivered the arm automatically goes back and picks up more soil.

The biology instrument will get the first soil. After the collector scoops up the material, it will retract and manoeuvre itself over the biology soil funnel. The collector head then turns itself upside down, and vibrates, shaking the dirt through a screen in the



Stages of the Mars landing

Clockwise from top left: the lander separates from the Orbiter, parachutes, lowers its landing gear and sets down gently. Meanwhile the Orbiter (top right) with its huge reserve of power from panels of solar cells acts as a relay station for communications to and from earth.

scoop that keeps out gravel and particles larger than two millimetres. The larger particles are dumped in a pile by the lander's legs.

Once inside the biology funnel, the soil goes through additional screens which ensure that only the very fine-grained material gets through. A wire brush sweeps the soil around in a circle over three closed holes. Once enough fine soil is spread evenly there, the holes open automatically, delivering one fourth to one cubic centimetre of dirt to each of the three biology laboratories. The study of the soil for living microorganisms then begins and continues for 12 days.

How can forms of life too small to be seen be detected by an instrument on another planet?

The answer is to look for signs that something in the soil is either consuming or giving off, substances that we associate with life processes of living organisms (eating, breathing, converting food to energy). Each of the three biology experiments is based on different assumptions about the possible nature of Martian micro-organisms.

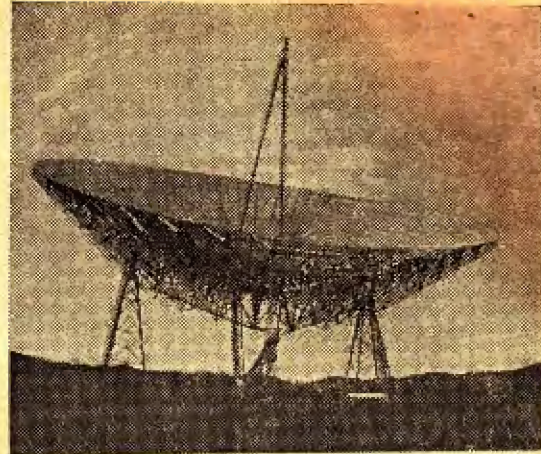
The first experiment, is moistening any little Martian organisms in the soil sample with a weak 'soup' of what we hope they consider tasty organic nutrients. These compounds contain carbon atoms. For the Viking experiment, the regular kind of carbon atom has been replaced by another kind, called carbon 14, which is *radioactive*.

The hope is that if any Martian organism that functions by metabolism "eats" the nutrient, the gases that the organism releases will now have hooked on to them the radioactively "labelled" carbon atoms and thus be detectable. The radioactive counts should go up steadily as the organisms multiply.

If signs of possible life are found, the chamber can be cleaned out and another "control" experiment performed on a soil sample that has been sterilized. If radioactive gases were again found under these conditions, that would be a sign that some process other than life was responsible for them. But if no gases come out of the sterilized soil, that would be an indication that the previous emissions were due to life.

The second experiment, called the gas-exchange experiment, also looks for signs of metabolism. Like the first experiment, it also offers the Martian organisms "food" and then measures any gases they give off after consuming it. This time, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, methane and carbon dioxide are the gases of biological interest, plus others more exotic.

The third experiment is a test for plant-like life. It uses no nutrients. But it offers



Massive antennas like this 60m 'dish' are used on earth to send and receive messages from the Viking orbiter and lander.

the soil sample a small amount of radioactively labelled carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide in the presence of artificial sunlight.

On earth, plants take in carbon dioxide and, with the help of sunlight and chlorophyll, they convert it to energy (sugar). The reaction is called photosynthesis, and if there are 'plants' in the Mars soil sample, this experiment should find them.

WHAT DID THEY FIND?

The scientists do have a few conclusions from the lander's mini-laboratory: "If the reactions seen are chemical in nature they are unusual, exotic, strange and marvellous", said Dr. Gerald Soffen, coordinator of the science team. Understanding the results could lead to new reactions and insights in the field of chemistry, for they cannot be explained from present knowledge.

"Right now, we don't know of any non-biological material on earth that behaves the way this Martian material behaved", said another team member.

"The soil is doing all kinds of chemistry we didn't expect". He added that if the reactions are chemical, they are complex and fancy, but not completely out of the range of inorganic (nonliving) reactions.

Finally, if the reactions seen are biological, the scientists can draw another conclusion:

Organisms on Mars save and use water very differently than do earth organisms.

There is far too little water on Mars for earth bacteria to grow, said Dr. Horowitz.

"If this is true, then we will learn a great secret: how to get along with very little water".

In the coming days, Viking scientists will be trying to duplicate on earth the reactions they see on Mars, while preparing 11 more tests with the Martian soil—each under slightly different conditions.

MEET AN ASTRO-GEOLOGIST

What kind of skills are required to understand Mars through Viking's eyes and ears? Take a look at one of these remarkable men. Note that his previous experience was in straightforward earthly geology.

Harold Masursky's expertise today is in understanding a planet from afar—through "photo geology". Given a picture of the surface of a planet—taken from an orbiter or even from greater distances by "fly-by" spacecraft, he can explain to an amazing degree of accuracy, the surface and the geologic processes that shaped it.

When Mariner 9 first went into orbit around Mars in 1971, the planet was engulfed in a global dust storm. Seen on the surface through the dust were four "dark spots". "Those are volcanic peaks", said Mr. Masursky.

"Impossible", was the reply from fellow geologists.

When the dust finally settled on Mars several months later, four of the solar system's largest volcanoes could be seen looming above the plains.

Mr. Masursky was also the first to interpret the meandering features seen on the Mariner 9 photography as stream-channels cut by liquid water. Try as they may, other geologists have yet to come up with a more reasonable explanation and Viking-1 photography leaves little doubt that Mr. Masursky, again, was right.

He began his 30 year career in geology by mapping earth from the surface and from aircraft, trying to understand the geologic processes that form uranium deposits. He also had experience with gold deposits, as part of a geologic team that found two gold mines in the State of Nevada—the second and third largest mines in the United States.

He has watched volcanoes, landslides, avalanches, floods and earthquakes, observing how these phenomena leave their marks on the surface.

Thus when he looks at landslide areas on Mars—such as the collapsed regions around the rim of Capri Canyon in Valles Marineris,—he talks as though he was on the scene when the landslide occurred.

Many geologists think that Masursky's technique of using geological processes on earth to explain what he sees on other planets is risky. But it has worked so far, even on the moon.

Mr. Masursky was part of the team that first mapped, then successfully interpreted the landing sites for the manned Apollo landings on the moon—before the astronauts ever set foot on that dusty surface. Now it's Mars. Mr. Masursky and others on the orbital mapping team used Mariner 9 photography to produce maps of the surface, to understand the geologic processes and to select possible landing sites. Then more detailed photographic mapping began June 19 while Viking-1 orbited Mars and resulted in the first successful landing on July 20 in Chryse Basin.

FROM THE MIXED UP FILES OF MRS. BASIL E. FRANKENWEILER

Part III

by E. L. Konigsburg

The Story So Far:

Twelve-year-old Claudia Kincaid is tired with the dull routine of her life. She is fed up with being the eldest child at home, with too many responsibilities. She would like to teach her family a lesson in "Claudia appreciation," so she decides to run away from home. She chooses her younger, pocket-money-saving brother, Jamie, for a companion because his savings will come in handy while living away from home. Every detail of their escape to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, is carefully planned by Claudia. They leave on a music-lesson day, so that instead of instruments they can stuff clothes and other necessities into the instrument cases. The escape works out perfectly, and except for minor quarrels between brother and sister, they reach the museum in the big city without any mishap. Now read on . . .

BY THE TIME Claudia and Jamie reached their destination, it was one o'clock and the museum was busy. On any ordinary Wednesday over 26,000 people come. They spread out over the twenty acres of floor space; they roam from room to room to room to room to room. Old ladies, tourists and always art students, any day of the week. They all enter free of charge because that's what the museum is: great and large and wonderful and free to all. And complicated. Complicated enough even to satisfy Jamie Kincaid.

No one thought it strange that a boy and a girl, each carrying a book bag and an

instrument case and who would normally be in school, were visiting a museum. After all, about a thousand schoolchildren visit the museum every day. The guard at the entrance merely stopped them and told them to check their cases and book bags into the cloakroom. This was a museum rule: no bags, food, or umbrellas. Claudia decided it was a good idea. A big sign in the cloakroom said NO TIPPING so she knew that Jamie couldn't object. Jamie did object, however; he pulled his sister aside and asked her how she expected him to change into his pyjamas. His pyjamas, he explained, were rolled into a tiny ball in his trumpet case.

Claudia told him that she fully expected to check out at 4.30 p.m. They would then leave the museum by the front door and within five minutes would re-enter from the back, through the door that leads from the parking lot to the Children's Museum. After all, didn't that solve all their problems? (1) They would be seen leaving the museum. (2) They would be free of their baggage while they scouted around for a place to spend the night. And (3) it was free.

Jamie was starved by this time and wanted lunch. Claudia wished to eat in the restaurant on the main floor, but Jamie wished to eat in the snack bar downstairs because he thought it would be less glamorous, but cheaper, and as chancellor of the exchequer, he got his wish.

James was dismayed at the prices. They had \$28.61 when they went into the cafeteria, and only \$27.11 when they came out still feeling hungry. 'Claudia', he demanded, 'did you know food would cost so much? Now, aren't you glad that we didn't take a bus?'

Claudia was no such thing. She was merely furious that her parents, and Jamie too, had been so stingy that she had been away from home for less than one whole day and was already worried about survival money.

'Do you think I could get one of the guards to play me a game of war?' he asked.

'That's ridiculous', Claudia said.

'Why? I brought my cards along. A whole deck.'

Claudia said, 'Inconspicuous is exactly the opposit of that. Even a guard at the Metropolitan who sees thousands of people every day would remember a boy who played him a game of cards.'

Jamie's pride was involved. 'I cheated Bruce through all second grade and through all third grade so far, and he still isn't wise.'

'Jamie! Is that how you knew you'd win?'

Jamie bowed his head and answered, 'Well, yeah. Besides, Bruce has trouble keeping straight the jacks, queens, and kings. He gets mixed up.'

'Why do you cheat your best friend?'

'I sure don't know. I guess I like complications.'

'Well, quit worrying about money now. Worry about where we're going to hide while they're locking up this place.'

They took a map from the information stand; for free. Claudia selected where they would hide during that dangerous time immediately after the museum was closed to the public and before all the guards and helpers left. She decided that she would go to the ladies' room, and Jamie would go to the men's room just before the museum closed.

Claudia explained to Jamie that he was to enter a booth in the men's room. 'And then stand on it,' she continued. 'And keep your head down. And keep the door of the booth very slightly open,' Claudia finished.

'Feet up. Head down. Door open. Why?'

'Because I'm certain that when they check the ladies' room and the men's room they peek under the door and check only to see if there

are feet. We must stay there until we're sure all the people and guards have gone home.'

'How about the night watchman?' Jamie asked.

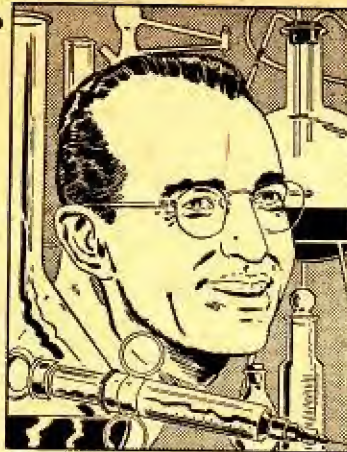
Claudia displayed a lot more confidence that she really felt. 'Oh! there'll be a night watchman, I'm sure. But he mostly walks around the roof trying to keep people from breaking in and we'll already be in. Now, let's find a place to spend the night.'

They wandered back to the rooms of fine French and English furniture. It was here Claudia knew for sure that she had chosen the most elegant place in the world to hide. She wanted to sit on the lounge chair that had been made for Marie Antoinette or at least sit at her writing table. But signs everywhere said not to step on the platform.

At last she found a bed that she considered perfectly wonderful, and she told Jamie that they would spend the night there. The bed had a tall canopy, supported by an ornately carved headboard at one end and by two gigantic posts at the other.

26





The 48-year old son of a dressmaker, Dr. Jonas E. Salk, made one of the greatest advances in man's fight against disease. He discovered the vaccine which prevents Polio, the disease which attacks the nerve centres in the brain and spinal cord, causing muscular paralysis.



Jonas was the eldest son of Daniel and Dora Salk. His father was employed in the New York dress-making centre on very low wages. Jonas' great intelligence was noticed early by his parents who encouraged him as much as was possible within their limited means.



As a boy, Jonas' intelligence and thirst for knowledge was so great that his school authorities sent him to a special High School for exceptional students. His teachers say, "He read everything he could lay his hands on, tried to be perfect in school work and earned high grades."

1976 NEHRU PRIZE WINNER



He went to a medical college and also served as a bacteriologist* and worked with great interest in the hospital laboratory even when not on duty. The laboratory was his first love, but he was also determined to complete his medical studies. For meanings of new words,



In 1942, he was appointed as a research fellow at the University of Michigan and was successful in the discovery of an influenza vaccine. Later, as Director of a Laboratory at Pittsburgh in 1947, he became greatly interested in fighting Polio.



Infantile paralysis* or Polio had nearly always crippled those attacked by it and often killed them. The first outbreak in the U.S. occurred in 1894. Until 1955, as many as 57,000 persons had been attacked by it, and 3,300 died in one epidemic alone! please seep. 34



He loved humanity very much and desired to prevent suffering. So, he attacked the polio problem seriously, giving up his Influenza project. A vaccine would have to work against all types of polio, but no one even knew how many types there were. Much research was needed.



Fortunately, an organization in America supported by public contributions, agreed to pay for a survey of the varieties of polio. Dr. Salk and other scientists started at once. They examined thousands of virus samples from polio cases and found three types of polio.



In 1949, Dr. Salk and his assistants took up the great battle against all the three types. They knew it might be impossible or it might take years before they succeeded. They had very little to go on, for the previous attempts had been unsuccessful, and this made their task hard.

THE HEROIC CONQUEROR OF POLIO



He worked 16 hours a day, often on Sundays also, and finally in 1953, he arrived at a formula that prevented polio in animals. But what would be its effect on humans? Dr. Salk first tested his vaccine's effect on humans by inoculating himself and his family! There were no bad effects.



Next came the inoculation of 5,000 children, followed, in 1954, by a mass inoculation of one million children. Today millions of people all over the world, both adults and children, have been inoculated. In many lands it is compulsory.



Dr. Salk's vaccine, from which he never made any profit in money, has been offered freely to the entire world to fight polio. And he is hard at work now to fight Cancer, another of man's worst killers. He has a happy family—a sympathetic wife, who is a social worker, and three sons.

Your Sure Guide to Beauty

HOW can I be more beautiful?" Almost every girl asks herself this question over and over. It is entirely right that you are interested, but it's a deeper subject than you think.

Here is a Personal Check for Beauty. Don't be dejected if you get a negative rating. You can *learn* to be beautiful.

YOUR INTERIOR

Beauty, is first and always a **radiation**.

You must understand this thoroughly. You must be or become radiant even though you remain the quiet type. This is not easy. It is a subtle, powerful force to be studied and cultivated. It requires a basic joy of living; and a sustained enthusiasm. It means *avoiding all posing and pretense*.

This adds up to one other important word—intelligence. So few of you—of us!—have enough of it. But *get* it. You are young, so take the opportunity to become informed. No stupid girl is beautiful, ever. Colourful or otherwise momentarily eye-catching, but radiant—never! Beauty demands that unique outreach which comes from humble, self-confidence and poise.

2. Be conscious of self, without being self-conscious.

Study your good and bad points *objectively*. You lose charm when you become self-centered, but beauty is every woman's business and she must improve herself as impersonally as she would perfect any other work of art.

3. Be an Ambivert

Ambivert may not be in your vocabulary. If you are too self-centered, you are an introvert. If you are too much interested in others, you are an extrovert. Neither is good. If you balance the two properly you are an ambivert, which is the happy medium. Notice that word—happy.

...Happiness is the mainstay of inner radiance, that foundation of all beauty. Another term in popular use nowadays is that people must be "well-adjusted." Your emotional adjustments are infinitely more important than all the physical aspects of your life.

4. You must know and understand love.

Love? Deep, self-sacrificing love is truly the sweetest mystery of life. Without love you can never be beautiful, no matter what else you do.

5. Build a healthy attitude toward beauty itself.

Never envy a beauty queen, even the one in your class at school. Rather, become one within the limits of your own life, and keep emotionally happy with it. Most of you will lack the physical perfection you think you see in beauty queens. Yet each girl has much to build on; you have assets uniquely your own. Quietly, earnestly, secure in mind and spirit, build the best you can on the best you have.

YOUR EXTERIOR

Though nothing you can do to your exterior will be effective unless you have first groomed your inner self, there is a reverse action, too. It is easier to be beautiful inside if you look beautiful outside! So

1. Without wishful thinking, study your face.

Is it fixed, set, immobile? *Do you habitually stare* or look hard at people, perhaps for fear your makeup may crack? Well, let it. You absolutely must have *animation and sparkle*—the spontaneous, genuine kind that shows a zest for living. Practice it. Be alive.

2. Quality, not quantity, is your cue in cosmetics.

You have been told that a thousand times. Very well, then, believe it! The truth is that most cosmetics are just so much waste of time and money; most tend to cover up the natural beauty of a young girl. If any person is conscious of your makeup, it's bad makeup.

3. Concentrate on the eyes.

"Your eyes," said a poet, "are my windows of paradise." Okay, but you can be sure hers weren't dripping with mascara or other goo; and that they did not hold a hard, "sophisticated", too-knowing look. Innocence is the cue here.

4. Your Dress

It simply doesn't matter too much. Some of the most beautiful girls are village belles and tribals who dress literally in sack-cloth. You can't achieve anything by trying too hard and can't fool anybody with expensive materials. No item of clothing is justified if it attracts much attention to itself. *We*



seldom know what the real beauties are wearing. Can you grasp that all-important fact?

First and last—activity!

Too many young girls these days are flabby. You don't get good flesh and blood lounging in an easy chair. So, get up and get out and get yourself a glow.

Play games, dance, take long walks, jog, do exercises in your room, *do something active for at least two hours every day.* The flabbiness will flee and the sparkle will show. You are too lazy? Very well, then resign yourself to being a second-rater or third-rater all your life, and to being sick or half-sick much of the time.

And so there you have it. Beauty becomes a studied thing, never too easy to achieve or to keep.

One last word of counsel for all aspiring women, young or old. The snippy, snooty few of you will call it "corny," but on the homeliest person it is sheer magic.

It is simply this: **SMILE!**

THE COUNTERFEIT NOTE

by O. D. Bason

A NIL and his widowed mother, Mohini, lived in a hut off the Causeway. His mother earned her living as a labourer on a building site. Anil attended school from nine o'clock to noon and then went to the market where he carried the purchases of shoppers and earned a few rupees every day. He was a mere twelve years old but poverty and the necessity to look after himself and his mother had made him self-reliant, morally courageous and ambitious. He gave his earnings to his mother who had opened a Savings Bank Account for him. Somehow he had fixed on the aim to become a doctor, so Mohini felt she should save something to help him to achieve his ambition when he grew up.

Mohini had a great love for flowers so Anil took her a few blooms every day. He did not buy them; he could not afford to do so. He selected them from the bunches thrown into the refuse-bins by people who could buy fresh flowers. Many of them retained their freshness and beauty and it was these he fondly gave his mother.

It had not been a very good day and he was on his way home with only two rupees in his pocket. He stopped at a refuse-bin and was selecting some flowers when he saw what appeared to be a currency note. He picked it up; it was a five rupee note spoiled and partly torn. He hesitated before putting it into his pocket.

As he continued his walk home he debated with himself. Should he keep it or hand it over to the Police? Mohini had brought him up to be honest. He had found it, so he would keep it. No. It was somebody

else's; he would not keep it. He was at the Police Station. He walked in and went up to an officer sitting at a desk.

"What do you want?" snapped the official. He was Havildar Joshi.

"I found this note and I am handing it over to the Police".

The man laughed. "You stole it. You are a thief. Give it to me."

Anil was indignant. "I did not steal it. I found it in a dust-bin. If I stole it I would not be giving it to the Police."

"Give it to me at once," demanded Joshi coming towards Anil.

"I will not," shouted Anil. "I will not give it to you if you say I stole it."

Joshi caught hold of him and snatched the note from his hand. In return he received a severe kick on the shin. He cried out in anger and panic.

"Arrest him for assaulting a Police officer in the execution of his duty."

A constable caught Anil and pushed him into a cell.

"You will stay there, tonight," said Joshi. "The Superintendent will deal with you in the morning. I'll teach you to disobey me."

Anil was astonished at the turn of events but was powerless to do anything. Some people had stood at the entrance of the Police Station to see what was happening. Anil recognised a friend.

"Jamal," he called. "Please go and tell my mother I am here and not to worry. I'll be home in the morning."

Mohini, very worried, came to the Police Station and was told what had happened.

"My son is not a thief," she said indignantly. "Please let him go. I shall see he comes to you in the morning if you want him. He is not a thief."

"Move off woman," said Joshi, "or you, too, will be locked up."

Mohini was pushed out and had no alternative but to wait till the morning.

Next morning Superintendent Mehta seeing Anil in a cell enquired what had happened. Joshi related the events of the previous evening. Anil called out "I am not a thief. I am not a thief."

Mehta looked at him with sympathy. "Show me the note," he asked Joshi.

On examining it he laughed.

"It is a counterfeit note, so even if he stole it, which I am sure he didn't, it is of no value. Here take it and go home."

The cell was opened and Anil was free. He walked up to the Superintendent and thanked him for releasing him; he threw a hostile look at Joshi and then left the Police Station.

At home he looked at the counterfeit note. So it was of no value, and yet what trouble it had got him into. Anyhow, he would keep it.

Some weeks later Havildar Joshi came to know that the Police were trying to track down a gang printing counterfeit currency notes and that a substantial reward was to be paid to anyone who could provide a clue that might lead to the arrest of the culprits.

He thought of Anil and the counterfeit note. If he could get it he would offer it to the authorities and claim a reward—which from experience he knew would not be less than Rs 100/-. This was not a small sum for a Havildar.

He decided to approach Anil but realised his unkind treatment of the boy would make matters difficult.

He went to Anil's house and found him alone, sitting near a simple fire and warming a can of milk.

"Good morning Anil," he said in a friendly tone. "How are you?"

Anil looked at him with much surprise and suspicion.

"Good morning. What do you want? My mother is at work."

"Have you the counterfeit note you brought to the Police Station some months ago?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Would you sell it to me? I shall give you Rs 10/- for it."

Anil was alert. Why should a useless piece of paper be bought for Rs 10/-?

"Why are you so anxious to have it?"

"That need not bother you," said Joshi. "Will you sell it to me?"

"No."

"I will give you Rs 15/- for it."

"No."

"If you promise not to tell anyone I bought it I will give you Rs 20/-."

It was clear to Anil that the note was of value, but, why, he could not decide.

"No," he said decisively. "I will not sell it to you at any price."

"Well," replied Joshi, angrily. "If you do not, then don't be surprised if you find yourself in trouble for having a counterfeit note in your possession. Don't say I did not give you a chance to get rid of it."

Anil was silent for a while, then opening a small trunk he took out a currency note.

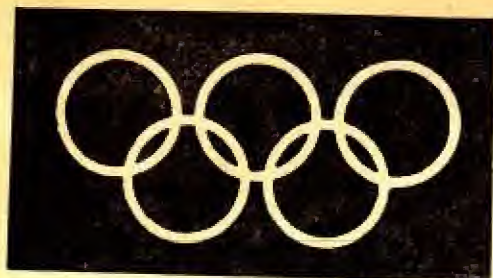
"If this note is going to get me into trouble I will destroy it and neither you nor the Police will get it."

Before Joshi could prevent him from going further he put the note into the fire and saw it consumed in the flames. He looked at Joshi, who, too, was bewildered at the hasty action of the boy.

"Fool, You have lost an excellent opportunity to make easy money. Now it is too late." He walked away.

It was not long before a poster on the door of the Police Station announced that

 24



OLYMPIC RECORD

For our readers' scrapbooks, we give this month a table of Olympic records for events which should be of permanent interest. (We have left out the events which have no measurable mark.) Most of these records were set up at the recent Olympics at Montreal. Also given are the earlier records.

Men's Events

TRACK & FIELD

Running:

100 M
(in 1968)
200 M
(in 1968)
400 M
800 M

1500 M

(in 1968)
5000 M
10000 M
(in 1972)

| RECORD HOLDER | Time/Distance |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| Hasely Crawford (Trinidad) | 10.06 sec |
| James Hines (U.S.A.) | 9.9 sec |
| Donald Quarrie (Jamaica) | 20.23 sec |
| Jennie Smith (U.S.A.) | 19.8 sec |
| Alberto Juantorena (Cuba) | 44.26 sec |
| Alberto Juantorena (Cuba) | 1m:43.50s |
| John Walker (New Zealand) | 3m:39.17s |
| Kipchoge Keino (Kenya) | 3m:28.4 s |
| Lasse Viren (Finland) | 13m:24.76 s |
| Lasse Viren (Finland) | 27m:40.38 s |
| Lasse Viren (Finland) | 27m:38.4 s |

Other events

110 M Hurdles
(in 1972)
400 M Hurdles
3000 M
Steeplechase
4 x 100 M Relay
(in 1972)
4 x 400 M Relay
(in 1968)
High Jump
Triple Jump
(in 1968)
Shot Put
(in 1972)
Discus Throw
Javelin Throw
Hammer Throw
Decathlon
Pole Vault
(in 1972)

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| Guy Drut (France) | 13.30. sec |
| Rodney Milburn (U.S.A.) | 13.24 sec |
| Edwin Moses (U.S.A.) | 47.64 sec |
| Anders Garderud (Sweden) | 8m:08.02 s |
| U.S.A. | 38.33s sec |
| U.S.A. | 38.19 sec |
| U.S.A. | 2m:58.65 s |
| U. S. A. | 2m:51.1 s |
| Jacek Wszoia (Poland) | 2.25 m |
| Viktor Sanev (USSR) | 17.29 m |
| V. Sanev (USSR) | 17.39 m |
| Udo Beyer (East Germany) | 21.05 m |
| Wladyslaw Komar (Poland) | 21.18 m |
| Mac Wilkins (U.S.A.) | 67.50 m |
| Miklos Nameth (Hungary) | 94.58 m |
| Yuriy Sedyh (USSR) | 77.52 m |
| Bruce Jenner (U.S.A.) | 8618 points |
| Tadeusz Slusarski (Poland) | 5.50 |
| W. Nordwig (E. Germany) | 5.50 |

CYCLING

100 Km Team
Time-Trial
(in 1968)
1000 M
Time-Trial
(in 1968)

WEIGHT-LIFTING

Flyweight 52 Kg
Bantamweight
56 Kg
Featherweight
60 Kg
Lightweight
67.5 Kg
Middleweight
75 Kg
Light Heavyweight
82.5 Kg
Middle Heavyweight
90 Kg
Heavyweight
110 Kg
Super Heavyweight
110 plus Kg

SWIMMING

100 M Freestyle
200 M Freestyle
400 M Freestyle
1500 M Freestyle
100 M Breaststroke
200 M Breaststroke
100 M Butterfly
(in 1972)
200 M Butterfly
100 M Backstroke
200 M Backstroke
4 x 100 M Medley

DS--NEW AND OLD

Montreal
1976

Women's Events

if they still stand unbroken and, along with them, the Montreal performances, in bold type, for comparison.

Readers may like to preserve these two pages for future reference and use.

(Abbreviations used: h:m:s—hours-minutes-seconds; m—metres)

USSR **2m:08.53**
Netherlands 2m:7.49.06
Jaus-Jurgen Grunke (East Germany) **1m:05.927**
Trentin (France) 1m:3.91

Alexander Voronin (USSR) 242.5kg
Igor Nurikyan (Bulgaria) 262.5 kg

Nikolai Kolesnikov (USSR) 285.0kg

Wladyslaw Kaczmarek (Poland) 307.5 kg

Yordan Mitkov (Bulgaria) 335.0 kg

Valeri Shary (USSR) 365.0 kg

David Rigert (USSR) 382.5 kg

Valentin Khristov (Bulgaria) 400.0 kg

Vladimir Alexeev (USSR) 440.0 kg

Montgomery (U.S.A.) 49.99 sec

Grace Furniss (U.S.A.) 1m:50.29 s

Ann Goodell (U.S.A.) 3m:51.93 s

Ann Goodell (U.S.A.) 15m:02.42 s

John Henchken (U.S.A.) 1m:03.11 s

David Wilkie (G. Britain) 2m:15.11 s

Jack Vogel (U.S.A.) **54.35 sec**

Jack Spitz (U.S.A.) 54.27 sec

Mike Bruner (U.S.A.) 1m:59.23 s

John Naber (U.S.A.) 55.49 sec

John Naber (U.S.A.) 1m:59.19 s

U.S.A. 3m:42.22 s

SWIMMING

100 M Freestyle
200 M Freestyle
400 M Freestyle
800 M Freestyle
200 M Breaststroke
100 M Butterfly
200 M Butterfly
100 M Backstroke
200 M Backstroke
4 x 100 M Medley

GYMNASTICS

Combined exercises (individual)
Asymmetrical Bars
Balance beam

TRACK & FIELD

Running

100 M
(in 1968)
200 M
400 M
800 M
1500 M
(in 1972)

Other events

100 M Hurdles (in 1972)
4 x 100 M Relay
4 x 400 M Relay
Long Jump (in 1968)
High Jump
Shot Put
Javelin Throw
Discus Throw
Pentathlon (in 1972)

RECORD HOLDER

Time/Distance

Kornelia Ender (E. Germany) 55.65 s
Kornelia Ender (E. Germany) 1m:59.26s
Petra Thumer (E. Germany) 4m:09.89 s
Petra Thumer (E. Germany) 8m:37.14 s
Marina Koshevaia (USSR) 2m:33.35s
Kornelia Ender (E. Germany) 1m:00.13s
Andrea Pollock (E. Germany) 2m:11.41s
Ulrike Richter (E. Germany) 1m:01.83s
Ulrike Richter (E. Germany) 2m:13.43s
East Germany 4m:07.95s

Nadia Comaneci (Romania) 79.275(2 perfect scores)
Nadia Comaneci (Romania) 20.00 (2 perfect scores)
Nadia Comaneci (Romania) 19.950 (1 perfect score)

Annegret Richter (West Germany) **11.08 sec**
Wyomia Tyus (U.S.A.) 11 sec
Baerbal Eckert (E. Germany) 22.37s
Irena Szewinska (Poland) 49.29 sec
Tatiana Kazankina (USSR) 1m:54.94s
Tatiana Kazankina (USSR) **4m:05.48s**
L. Bragina (USSR) 4m:01.4 s

Johanna Schaller (E. Germany) **12.77 s**
Anne Erhardt (E. Germany) 12.59 sec
East Germany 42.55 sec
East Germany 3m:19.23s
Angela Voigt (E. Germany) **6.72 m**
V. Viscopoleanu (Romania) 6.88 m
Rosemarie Ackermann (East Germany) 1.93 m
Ivanka Christova (Bulgaria) 21.16 m
Ruth Fuchs (E. Germany) 65.94 m
Evelin Schlaak (E. Germany) 69.00 m
Siegrun Siegl (E. Germany) * **4745 Points**
Mary Peters (G. Britain) 4801 Points



FESTIVALS



(Answers to October Quiz)

I. Some other countries too have festivals in which lamps, lanterns, etc. have an important part. How many of them do you know?

Tara Nagashi (Japan), Lucia Day (Sweden), Hanukah (Israel), Chinese New year and a Buddhist festival in Burma.

II. Apart from January 1 what other New Year Day festivals are celebrated in India?

New year day in the Saka calendar—Chaitra 1 (usually on March 22); Parsi new year, Jamshedji Naoroj (in March); Maharashtra new year (*Gudi Padwa*) and Telugu new year (*Bhogi*)—both on the same day usually in March; Tamil new year (*Varsha Paruppu*) in March/April.

III. Which are the major harvest festivals in India?

Pongal, celebrated in the South (especially in Tamil Nadu and Andhra) in January; Onam, in Kerala, in September; Baisakhi in Punjab; Bhogali Bihu in Assam. Thanksgiving for the harvest (kharif crops) is also observed by grain traders and farmers at Divali time.

IV. Throughout the world there are festivals associated with the Spring season also. Name some.

Holi in different parts of India (with different names); Basant Panchami in N. India; Navrooz (Iran). In Christian countries, Easter, meaning Spring or New Life, and commemorating the Resurrection of Jesus Christ replaced their original spring festivals.

V. Where and when is the Kumbh Mahia Mela held?

At Hardwar, Ujjain, Nasik and Allaha-bad by turns; once in 12 years.

VI. In which festival is a huge chariot pulled by large crowds? Where?

Rath Yatra (Car Festival); in Puri (Orissa)

VII. Which Indian festivals celebrate the triumph of good over evil? Briefly state the theme or legend behind each.

(a) Among Hindu festivals, Dussera is the most popular. An effigy of demon Ravana (symbolising evil) is burnt and the victory of Rama (symbolising good) is celebrated. (b) Holi bonfires symbolise the burning of all impurities of the mind and of life, to make way for a new year of love and equality among all the people. (c) In the popular legend of Divali, the proud demon-king, Maha Bali, was punished by God Vishnu.

VIII. Some great religions of the world are mentioned here, and also the number of followers of each, but in a jumbled order. Link them.

| Religion | Number (millions) |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Islam | A. 450 |
| 2. Christianity | B. 750 |
| 3. Confucianism and Taoism | C. 700 |
| 4. Hinduism | D. 480 |
| 5. Shintoism | E. 80 |

1—D; 2—B; 3—C; 4—A; 5—E

HERE and THERE

ST. XAVIER'S NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

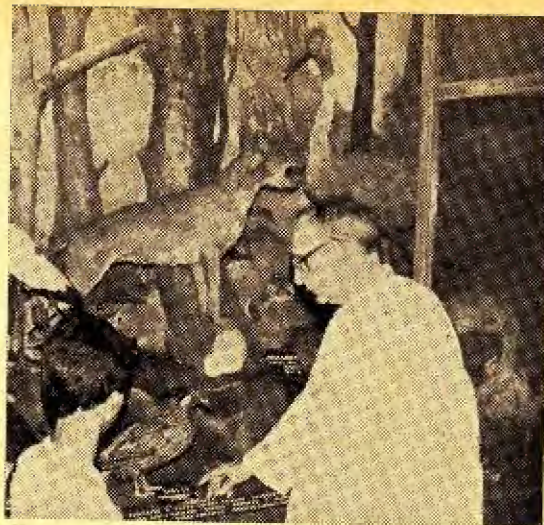
THE students of St. Xavier's High School in Dhobi Talao, Bombay enjoy an educational facility that no other school in Bombay offers its students—a large and beautifully arranged Natural History Museum. There are 2,000 birds on display, supplemented by a collection of over 250 varieties of eggs, and an assortment of nests. Besides, there are a large number of birds put away neatly in drawers, which are used as reference specimens.

This fine museum is very largely the work of Brother Navarro, S. J., a noted ornithologist, who started collecting specimens for the museum in 1943. He has collected specimens from all over India, and on some of his expeditions even took along small groups of interested boys. This was always during vacation time, and the boys would pay their travelling and other expenses. What an invaluable experience for the students, who learned a lot about team work and cooperation, and above all, a lot about birds.

The specimens are artfully displayed in show cases with backdrops representing the natural environment in which the birds or animals are found. The paintings are done by artist P. V. Joshi of Pune.

The museum also houses a fine collection of mammals, reptiles, lizards and snakes! There is also a large collection of Butterflies which is the work of the present principal of St. Xavier's—Fr. Lancy Rodricks.

SUNSHINE readers will be interested to know that Brother Navarro is now very much interested in recording and studying the songs of birds. (See SUNSHINE October 1976.)



FIRST "UNIVERSITY FOR THE ELDERLY"

THE University for the Elderly, in Toulouse, France, is the first of its kind in the world. The main aim of this programme is to slow down the process of growing old, by providing physical and mentally stimulating activity for the students. The students range in age from 50 to 90 and seem very enthusiastic for this new, happy lease on life. Nobody comes to study for a degree, and no one has to show a degree to gain admittance. The idea is to creatively enjoy one's later years which too often turn bitter from feeling useless to society. The secret is to keep the mind always young.

The curriculum concentrates on physical training—gymnastic exercises, long hikes and yoga, including talks on diet problems. Periodically, there are courses on various problems of the old such as pensions, retirement, medical aid, contact with young people, loneliness, etc. There are also courses in Fine Arts, like drawing, painting and sculpture. The best part of this programme is the twice-yearly exhibition of the paintings and sculptures done by the over-60's themselves.

STATIC ELECTRICITY

All these experiments work best when the air is dry, as in the cold weather. That is because dry air does not conduct away the electric charges on an object, as does wet air. For instance you never see a lightn-

ing flash, which is electric charges moving between clouds, on a dry day. These static electricity experiments all deal with the same positive and negative charges which cause lightning. Positive charges attract negative charges and repel other positive charges.

Static electricity is everywhere

Rub a blown-up balloon on your hair and then bring it near some thin paper or cork particles. Repeat using a comb and a plastic ruler. Rub a fountain pen on your coat sleeve and test it for a static charge. Hold two strips of newspaper, about 5 cm wide and 30 cm long, together. Stroke them lengthwise with the thumb and finger of free hand. What happens? Try to devise other experiments showing that there is static electricity everywhere.

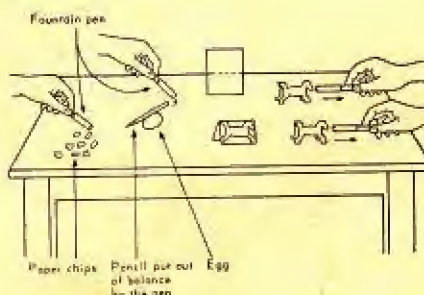


An electrostatic airplane

Out a piece of light aluminium foil into the shape of a small airplane. Bring a charged plastic rod near to it. It jumps away again. It can then be kept in the air as long as you desire, and its direction of flight can be guided by 'repulsion', the force pushing it away from the rod.

The newspaper stays on the wall

Spread out a sheet of newspaper and press it smoothly against a wall. Stroke the newspaper with a pencil all over its surface several times. Pull up one corner of the paper and then let it go. Notice how it is attracted back to the wall. If the air is very dry, you may be able to hear the crackle of the static charges.



A static horse race

Cut small horses from a piece of folded paper so that they will stand on a table. Rub a hard plastic comb or fountain pen with flannel and notice that you can pull the paper horses along the table. With several horses, you can have a horse race!

Two other experiments are illustrated in the picture above. For them you need a plastic fountain pen or ball point 'charged' by rubbing on silk.

STORY-WRITING--1

Here is a delightful exercise for Beginner Story-writers. Have fun putting together this ghost story. Use the given framework. All you have to do is fill in the blanks with the appropriate words and phrases in place of these asked for in brackets. Ask your friends to do the same. You will discover that each of you has his own exciting story to tell. This is a great way to develop your vocabulary—and such a painless way of learning grammar, too! Send your stories to us: Five points will be awarded to the best story.

If your grammar is a little rusty here are a few general definitions to help you:—An **infinitive** is a basic or root verb from which we get the different verb forms we use in sentences. Infinitives are not not finite, and so cannot stand instead of verbs in sentences.

—A **gerund** is a verb-noun. It has the quality of a verb (it looks exactly like the **Present Participle**, ending in 'ing') but it does the work of a noun.

THE trouble with (*name of house*) was that it was haunted. Every Christmas Eve, just as the clock struck (*number*), a (*adjective*) and (*adjective*) lady would appear in the guest room. Successive owners had tried their best to (*verb*) themselves of the ghost but had failed.

One Christmas Eve, she (*verb*) the guest room as before, and (*verb*) the guest who slept there (*adverb*) out of his (*noun*). She stood suspended at the foot of his bed and gazed with her (*adjective, colour*) eyes at him. From her long (*adjective*) fingers, (*plural noun*) of (*noun*) of (*noun*) were hanging and she (*verb*) these over his (*part of body*) till he (*verb*). He was found (*adjective*) in his (*noun*) the next morning, covered with (*noun*).

The following Christmas Eve, the new master of (*same house*) kept the guest room (*adverb*). But this time, the ghost (*verb*) to him in his own room, where he sat feeling very (*adjective*) that he had outwitted her. Suddenly he found that he was dripping (*noun*) as if he had fallen into a (*noun*). He (*verb*) with fear, but being a (*adjective*) man, he (*verb*) immediately. "Do you know who I am?" the ghost asked.

"No, I don't," he (*verb*).

"I am the ghost of (*same house*). My picture hangs on the (*noun*) in the guest room. I had a (*adjective*) father who (*verb*) to let me (*verb*) the man I (*verb*). On Christmas Eve (*number, unit of time*) ago, he (*verb*) me in the guest room, but somehow I escaped to the (*noun*) across the (*noun*). I (*verb*) myself to a (*adjective*) death. Since then, I am obliged (*infinitive*) this house."

During the following year, the owner desperately tried to find a solution (*infinitive*) his house of the ghost. At least he hit upon the answer. From that moment on he could hardly wait till Christmas came again.

Finally, Christmas Eve dawned. The master of (*same house*) waited for the ghost. The clock (*verb*) out the hour of (*number*). With a (*gerund*) of doors a (*noun*) of cold air time. From her garments (*verb*) drops of (*verb*) through the rooms. The ghost was on (*noun*) and the master of the house was (*verb*). But, of course, he was not afraid. He (*verb*) the ghost to accompany him outside. It was (*adverb*) cold, but he was well-equipped for this (*adjective*) weather. The ghost, however, was not. She suddenly began to (*verb*). When she was completely (*verb*) he carried her to a (*noun*). There she stands, to this day, the ghost of (*same house*) never to haunt man again.

17 🍃 (The Counterfeit Note)

a reward of Rs 100/- would be paid to anyone providing clues that would lead to the arrest of the gang responsible for printing counterfeit notes which were beginning to flood the market.

Superintendent Mehta and Havildar Joshi were both at the Police Station when the poster was put up.

"Anil could earn Rs 100/- provided he convinces the authorities that he found a Rs 5/- note," said Mehta. "I would like to see him get it."

"I have seen him," said Joshi. "The silly boy has destroyed it."

When Anil reread the poster he realised why Joshi had been so anxious to buy the note. He smiled to himself. He had outwitted Joshi; how angry he would be when he came to know this. He ran to his house, opened the trunk and took out a little bundle which he put into his pocket. He went to the Police Station and asked to see Superintendent Mehta who called him into his office.

Anil looked around to see no one else was present.

"Sir," spoke Anil in a soft and nervous manner. "This poster offers Rs 100/- to anyone helping the Police to track down the forgers. If I help will I get the reward?"

Mehta was interested.

"Of course you will, if the assistance is valuable. But how can you help?"

"I can give the Police the counterfeit Rs 5/- note. It should help."

"Havildar Joshi tells me you burnt it in his presence."

Anil laughed.

"Sir," he said, "If I give you the note will you help me to claim the reward? I do not know how to do these things. Please keep half the money for yourself because you have always been kind to me."

Mehta was touched.

"But, tell me; how can you have the note when Joshi saw you burn it?"

Anil's eyes sparkled.

"Joshi," he replied, "was so intent on having the note that he did not notice that the paper I burnt wasn't really a note. Here is the counterfeit note!"



The author is the well-known former Headmaster of St. Peter's School, Panchgani.

MOONLIGHT NIGHT

The tiresome day is over at last
And the peaceful night has begun
Hail ye oh moon who governs the night
And chases away the sun,

The shepherds and farmers are all asleep
And their dogs and cattle are resting
But suddenly the hooting of a watchful owl
Breaks the silent and sleeping night.

After a while it is calm and still
Calm and still, calm and still
And once more it is calm and still
The silent moonlight night

—Suraj Kumar S. K., 5471
(3 points)

SUNSHINE-CAMEL COLOUR CONTEST

(September 1976)

1st Prize: *Ila Kumbhakonam*, Belgaum
2nd Prize: *K. Bioline*, Cherrabazaar
3rd Prize: *Shereen Raghavan*, Tellicherry

5 Consolation Prizes

Anastasia Chettiar, Bombay; *Deepak J. Thakker*, Bombay; *Shweta Kenny*, Bombay; *Priyesh Vakil*, Bombay; *Sarada Mani B. K.*, Rourkela.

10 Camel Certificates

Satyajeet Rathore, Gulabpura; *Satish Kutty*, Pune; *Sunshine Lobo*, Bombay; *Arvind Sagar*, Jamshedpur; *Pinaki Roy*, Berhampore; *Lynda Massey*, Devlali; *V. Srinath*, Bangalore; *Vincent Liao*, Jamshedpur; *Tabassum Khan*, Udaipur; *Probir saha*, Berhampore.

5 Sunshine Consolation Prizes

Vispi H. Munshi, Ahmedabad; *Ketan A. Shah*, Calicut; *V. Abhay Kumar*, Amraoti; *Michael Rozario*, Karwar; *Teresa Wong*, Ranchi.

THE DUSTBIN

In the backyard of an inn
There stood a dustbin
Made of tin,
To touch him
Everyone thought was
A sin.

His only friends
Were Tommy and Jim
The two stray dogs
Who 'lived' on him.

They kept the bin company
For there were so many
Things to eat
Like rotten fruits
And sometimes meat
Which is a rare treat.

The dustbin gives the dogs a treat
And in return they give him company.

—Sonali Kulkarni, 5580
(3 points)

ALONE IN MY ROOM

All alone in my room
I cry dismal and sad
As darkness once more clutches my room
And once more I wonder who are my friends
With whom to talk, whom to play
To tell the troubles of the day;
Once more I look up to the sky
To hear my cry, to give reply
And once more and yet again I assure my-
self that
The silvery moon and twinkling stars are
friends to help me by.

—Mohita Bhatnagar, 1444
(5 points)

The same could be applicable to unem-
ployed electricians or technicians who could
set up their own shops where they could
repair machines, do house repair jobs, etc.
til they get a permanent job. After that, this
could still be a means of bye-employment.

—Malini Kini, 9958
(6 points)

BY YOU

(August Contest Prize-Winner)

ALTERNATIVE TECHNOLOGIES IN MY TOWN

THE greatest problem faced by India is poverty and unemployment. This is the main reason for using Intermediate Technology in India.

Slums are prominent in industrial towns like Bombay. Most children living in these slums do not go to school and their parents are unemployed. Some slum dwellers are talented and very skilful. Workshops can be opened near the slums for these people. This method could eliminate unemployment to some extent.

Most mill workers do not stay in the vicinity of their mill. So they spend a lot of time in travelling. They could be provided with one-room houses near their work site. This would increase productivity of workers and the mills, so more goods would be available to cater to the rising demand for them.

At present, there are many working mothers who need someone to look after their children. This need is felt when there is no nursery at her office or factory. Those women who have free time could offer to look after the children of working mothers. Thus, they too can earn and be of some help instead of sitting idle. In this way, the mother can fully concentrate on her work.

Some people are very good at baking. In a housing colony, these people can get together and bake bread, biscuits, etc. and sell them fresh and cheap to the members of the colony.

Some women are very good in embroidery. They could form a workshop which would embroider sarees, blouses, attractive bedspreads, etc. This could be a means of part-time employment.

Claudia had always known that she was meant for such fine things. Jamie, on the other hand, thought that running away from home to sleep in just another bed was really no challenge at all. He, James, would rather sleep on the bathroom floor, after all. Claudia then pulled him around to the foot of the bed and told him to read what the card said.

Jamie read, 'Please do not step on the platform.'

Claudia knew that he was being difficult on purpose; therefore, she read for him, 'State bed—scene of the alleged murder of Amy Robsart, first wife of Lord Robert Dudley, later Earl of . . .'

Jamie couldn't control his smile. He said, 'You know, Claude, for a sister and a fuss-budget, you're not too bad.'

Claudia replied, 'You know, Jamie, for a brother and cheapskate, you're not too bad.'

Something happened at precisely that moment. Both Claudia and Jamie tried to explain it, but they couldn't quite. What happened was: they became a team, a family of two. But becoming a team didn't necessarily mean the end of their arguments. But it did mean that the arguments became a part of the adventure, became discussion not threats. To an outsider, the arguments would appear to be the same, because feeling like a part of a team is something that happens invisibly. You might call it caring. You could even call it love.

They followed their plan: checked out of the museum and re-entered through a back door. They managed to avoid the guards for the remaining minutes until the bell rang. The bell meant that the museum was closing in five minutes. They then entered the booths of the rest rooms.

They waited in the booths until five-thirty, when they felt certain that everyone had gone. They then came out and met. Five-thirty in winter is dark, but nowhere seems as

dark as the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It seemed to Jamie and Claudia that they walked through miles of corridors till at last they came to their bedroom in the hall of the English Renaissance. Jamie quickly threw himself upon the bed, forgetting that it was only about six o'clock and thinking that he would be so exhausted that he would immediately fall asleep. Claudia too felt tired and hungry. It had been an unusually busy day. A busy and unusual day. So she lay there in the great quiet of the museum next to the warm quiet of her brother and allowed the soft stillness to settle around them.

Claudia and Jamie awoke very early the next morning. It was still dark. Their stomachs felt like tubes of toothpaste that had been all squeezed out. Giant economy-sized tubes. They had to be out of bed and out of sight before the museum staff came on duty.

They dressed in silence. After that, Claudia whispered to Jamie 'Let's stash our book bags and instrument cases before we man our stations.'

They agreed to scatter their belongings. Thus, if the museum officials found one thing, they wouldn't necessarily find all. While still at home they had removed all identification tags on their cases as well as their clothing. They hid their instrument cases in tombs and stashed their books behind the tapestry screens.

'Manning their stations' meant climbing back into the booths and waiting during the perilous time when the museum was open to the staff but not to the visitors. They washed up, combed their hair, and even brushed their teeth. Then began those long moments. That first morning they weren't quite sure when the staff would arrive so they hid good and early. While Claudia stood crouched down waiting, the emptiness and the hollowness of all the museum corridors filled her stomach. She was starved. She spent her time trying not to remember delicious things to eat.

Jamie made one slight error that morning. It was almost enough to be caught. When he heard the sound of running water, he assumed that some male visitor was using the men's room to wash up. He checked his watch and saw that it was five past ten; he knew that the museum officially opened at ten o'clock, so he stepped down to walk out of his booth. It was not, however, a museum visitor who had turned on the water tap. It was an attendant filling his bucket. He was leaning down in the act of wringing out his mop when he saw Jamie's legs appear from nowhere and then saw Jamie emerge.

'Where did you come from?' he asked.

Jamie smiled and nodded. 'Mother always says that I came from Heaven.' He bowed politely and walked out, delighted with his brush with danger. He could hardly wait to tell Claudia. Claudia, however, chose not to be amused on so empty a stomach.

The museum restaurant wouldn't open until much later, so they left the museum to get breakfast.

They were better organized that second day. Knowing that they could not afford more than two meals a day, they stopped at a store and bought small packages of peanut butter biscuits for the night; they hid them in various pockets in their clothing. They decided to join a school group for lunch at the snack bar, so that way their faces would always be just part of the crowd. Also, there would be plenty of food to choose from.

Upon their return to the museum, Claudia informed Jamie that they should take advantage of the wonderful opportunity they had to learn and to study. No other children in all the world since the world began had had such an opportunity. So she set forth for herself and for her brother the task of learning everything about the museum. One thing at a time. Jamie considered learning something every day outrageous. It was not only outrageous; it was unnecessary. Claudia simply did not know how to escape. He thought he would put a quick end to this part of their runaway career. He chose the galleries of the Italian Renaissance. He didn't even know what the Renaissance was,

except that it sounded important and there seemed to be an awful lot of it. He figured that Claudia would soon give up in despair.

Claudia was surprised at Jamie's choice, but she marched with him towards the long wide stairway straight in from the main entrance, which leads directly to the Hall of the Italian Renaissance. It was CROWDED.

If you think of doing something in New York City, you can be certain that at least two thousand other people have that same thought. And of the thousand who do, about one thousand will be standing in line waiting to do it. That day was no exception.

As they reached the top of the stairs, a guard said, 'Line forms to the right. Single file, please.' They did as they were told, partly because they didn't want to offend any guard or even attract his attention and partly because the crowd made them. ✽

(To be Continued)

POINTS WINNERS (Sept.)

A QUIZ ON ANIMALS

4 Points: Suddhasatwa Roy 2428, Addagarla S. 5537, Kamal Goel 5515, Philamon P. K. 2535, Probir sha 4585, Deepak Doraiswamy 2004, Rohit Manaktala 1537, K. Sudesh 3074, Nirup Malkani 5592,

3 Points: Anjana Maitra 2396, P. Sampath 977/36, Atul P. Naik 2840, Rakesh K. Singh 3274, Tajan R. Kenkre 2612, Sheela Lakshman 1965, Cyprian Silva 9205, Rajiv Shory 4585/5, Pinaki Roy 4585/1, Leonardo D'Souza 2003, Tridib Purkayastha 2946, Gaya J. A. Latif 5574, Suhas Sadekar 5625/1, Jayajaul Lazarus 2172, W. Charles 2956, Mini Mahajan 2934, Niranjan Mayya 977/10, Deanna De Sales 5494, Moses I. Pezarker 1422, Rajendra M. Singh 5490, Rao Madan Mohan 977/37, Bhupinder S. Bindra 3283, Milind Rajadhyaksha 2394, Michael Menezes 3056, Lim Chen Yun 9951, Geetanjali Rai 7134/1

2 Points: Manish Modi 977/32, Deepti Aggarwal 3299, S. Ravindra Kumar 2716, Rita Munshi 3037, Vikash Kapur 977/7, Mohit Gupta 3264, Gupta 3264, Gopal S. Yadava 4585/2, Aniruddha Das 2223, Shrish Bagewadi 977/56,

1 Point: A. B. Dalina 9877/1, Rashmi Kerkar 1364/1, Carey Mascarenhas 2843, Pranotosh Banerjee 977/24, Aloke R. V. Tirkey 4121/34, S. S. Lall 4121/73, Loisimai T. Khonglam 3123, Vicky 5502, Jayashankar P. N. 9645/7,

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES ACROSS

1. Disease one gets into pool with paralysis! (5) 4. a and b die together to dwell! (5) 7. One in a pod. (3) 8. The pole star guides one there (5) 10. The value of a Roman box $1X \times III \times II$ (3) 11. Sham deed (3) 12. Mineral source of toilet powder (4) 15. Snatch to brag anyway! (4) 16. Whisky goes well with this dosa mixed that is! (4) 19. I ought' a jot it down for whatever its worth? (4) 22. For baby to ride around the park when mother returns after establishing Public Relations! (4) 24. Five hundred are joined to defy? (4) 26. Publicity before nothing is just fuss? (3) 27. I see it sound that cold! (3) 29. A cameraman tumbles to hop to produce this! (5) 31. Though indefinite article I am briefly a purpose! (3) 32. Tale retold at the south pole for a slab to write on! (5) 33. Rough copy produced when the doctor briefly went to the stern of the ship? (5).

CLUES DOWN

3. These can be stimulating with two teas taken to convert stations (13) 5. A flying fox for cricket? (3) 6. Strange involvement the cox-tie! (6) 7. A friend that returns to one's lap! (3) 9. Dress for usual practice? (5) 13. The cows chew duck back without kissing initially! (3) 14. Item of Japanese dress found in Tokyo bins? (3) 17. Lowest deck of ship where Rekha initially in the pool mixes! (5) 18. Shake the pod in 7-across and bet you throw out a monkey! (3) 20. Not young (3) 21. Fifty Romans in pants grow in a garden. (6) 23. Feel insulted by talk of scattering trees around the north pole (6) 25. As you like limb or weapon (3) 28. Measure a spar or a piece of ground (4) 30. Strike for success (3)

See **SUNSHINE** October '75 for detailed instructions and examples on how to tackle a crossword puzzle



A Recipe

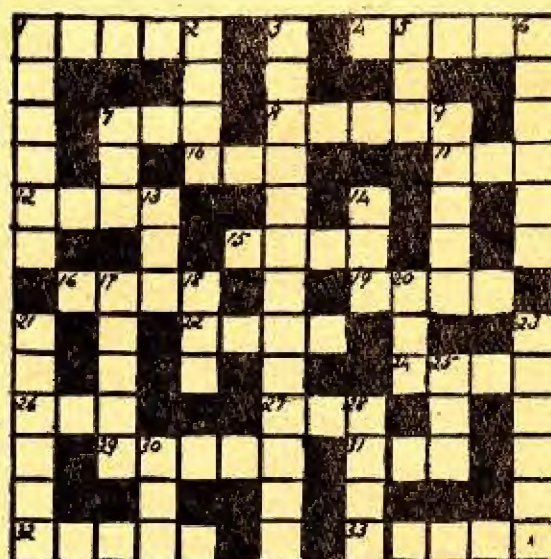
COCONUT BARFI

Ingredients: 2 cups finely grated coconut, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups jaggery powder and 4 tablespoons butter or ghee.

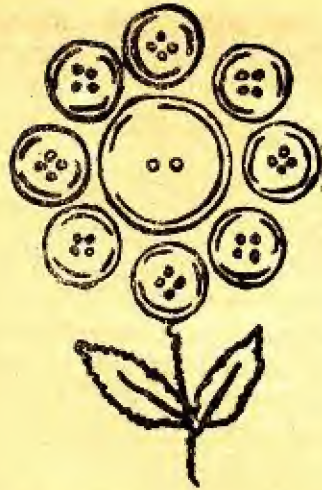
Method: In a heavy dekchi mix the coconut and jaggery well with a big spoon. See that no lumps remain.

Set it on a low fire and stir continuously, adding the ghee from time to time. When the mixture gets thick and hardened, remove from the fire and spread thickly on a buttered plate.

Let it cool and cut into squares.



(Solutions on page 34)



FUN WITH BUTTONS

Making button flowers is fun. They make attractive wall decorations and thoughtful gifts.

First, you will need buttons. Ask your mother if she has any used ones which you may have. She probably has a button-box full of them and would be glad to have you use them. Also, you will need a shoe box lid, poster paint, paint brush, needle, thread and some coloured yarn.

Paint the shoe box lid with poster paint. Let dry. On the cardboard draw a long stem. Make a dot at the top of the stem. This dot will be the center of a flower.

Surround the dot with other dots. Space the dots 1 inch from the center dot and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from each other. These dots will be flower petals.

Next, thread a large embroidery needle with three strands of embroidery thread, or with a single strand of yarn. Sew buttons over the dots to form a button flower. Choose small buttons for the petals. A large button will do nicely as the center. Mix or match the colours.

It is best not to pull the thread too tight, and not to go through the button holes more than once or twice. Too much sewing will tear the cardboard.

Send your answers to these questions on an independent sheet, mentioning clearly your name and SR Number. Upto 4 Points will be awarded on merit.

Last Date: Dec. 10

Quiz on

PLANETS

- I. What is the difference between a star and a planet?
- II. Planets are classified into two groups—the major and the minor.
 - (a) List the major planets in the order of their distances from the sun.
 - (b) Where do the majority of the minor planets lie?
- III. What was Copernicus' contribution to modern astronomy?
- IV.
 - a. Only five planets were known to ancient astronomers. Can you name at least three of them?
 - b. In what years were the following planets discovered—Uranus, Neptune and Pluto?
- V. Which planets can we see with the naked eye?
- VI. Which two planets exhibit phases like those of the moon?
- VII. Which is the largest planet? How many moons does it have?
- VIII.
 - (a) If the planet Saturn were to be placed on water would it float?
 - (b) Of what do Saturn's famous rings consist?
- IX. The Earth takes one year to orbit around the Sun, but there are two planets which take less than a year to orbit and two other planets take more than 150 years each to do so! Which are these four planets?
- X.
 - a. Which was the first unmanned spacecraft to land on the Moon?
 - b. Which was the first spacecraft to probe Mars? Mention also the year.
 - c. What major revelations did the 1969 Apollo 11 mission make about the Moon's soil and atmosphere?

The Girl With The

IN the last days of Ancient Egypt, not many years before the country was conquered by the Persians, she was ruled by a Pharaoh called Amasis. He wished to strengthen his country against the threat of invasion by Cyrus of Persia, who was conquering all the known world. So he welcomed as many Greeks as wished to come for trade or to settle in Egypt, and gave them a city called Naucratis to be entirely their own.

In Naucratis, there lived a wealthy Greek merchant called Charaxos. One day when he was walking in the market-place he saw a great crowd gathered round the place where the slaves were sold. Out of curiosity he pushed his way into their midst, and found that everyone was looking at a beautiful girl who had just been placed on the stone rostrum to be sold.

She was obviously a Greek with clear skin and cheeks like blushing roses, and Charaxos caught his breath—for he had never seen anyone so lovely.

Consequently, when the bidding began, Charaxos was determined to buy her. Being one of the wealthiest merchants in all Naucratis, he did so without much difficulty.

When he had bought the girl, he discovered that her name was Rhodopis and that she had been carried away by pirates from her home in the north of Greece when she was a child. They had sold her to a rich man who employed many slaves on the island of Samos. She had grown up there, one of her fellow slaves being an ugly little man called Aesop who was always kind to her and told her the most entrancing stories and fables about animals and birds and human beings.

Charaxos listened to her tale and pitied

her deeply. He gave her a small cottage to live in, with a garden in the middle of it, and slave girls to attend to her. He heaped on her presents of jewels and beautiful clothes, and spoiled her as if she had been his own daughter.

One day a strange thing happened when Rhodopis was in her private garden. The slave-girls were attending on her and holding her rose-red slippers of which she was particularly proud, while she dipped her feet in the cool water.

Suddenly, when all seemed quiet and peaceful, an eagle came swooping down out of the clear blue sky—down, straight down as if to attack the little group by the pool. The slave-girls dropped everything they were holding and fled shrieking, to hide among the trees and flowers of the garden; and Rhodopis stood and gazed with wide, startled eyes.

But the eagle paid no attention to any of them. Instead, it swooped right down and picked up one of her rose-red slippers in its talons. Then it soared up into the air again on its great wings, and still carrying the slipper, flew away to the south over the valley of the Nile.

Rhodopis wept at the loss of her rose-red slipper, feeling sure that she would never see it again, and sorry also to have lost anything that Charaxos had given to her.

But the eagle seemed to have been sent by the gods—perhaps by Horus himself whose sacred bird he was. For he flew straight up the Nile to Memphis and then swooped down towards the palace.

At that hour Pharaoh Amasis sat in the great courtyard hearing any complaints that his people wished to bring, and administering justice.

Rose-Red Slippers

Down over the courtyard swooped the eagle and dropped the rose-red slipper of Rhodopis into Pharaoh's lap. The people cried out in surprise when they saw this, and Amasis too was much taken aback. But, as he took up the little rose-red slipper and admired the delicate workmanship and the tiny size of it, he felt that the girl for whose foot it was made must indeed be one of the loveliest in the world.

Indeed Amasis, the Pharaoh, was so moved by what had happened that he issued a decree:

'Let my messengers go forth through all the cities of the Delta and, if need be, into Upper Egypt to the very borders of my kingdom. Let them take with them this rose-red slipper which the divine bird of Horus has brought to me, and let them declare that her from whose foot this slipper came shall be the bride of Pharaoh!

The messenger s prostrated themselves crying, 'Life, health, strength be to Pharaoh! Pharaoh has spoken and his command shall be obeyed!

So they set forth from Memphis and went

by way of Heliopolis and Tanis and Canopus until they came to Naucratis. Here they heard of the rich merchant Charaxos and of how he had bought the beautiful Greek girl in the slave market, and how he was lavishing all his wealth upon her as if she had been a princess put in his care by the gods.

So they went to the great house beside the Nile and found Rhodopis in the quiet garden beside the pool.

When they showed her the rose-red slipper she cried out in surprise that it was hers. She held out her foot so that they could see how well it fitted her; and she bade one of the slave girls fetch the pair to it which she had kept carefully in memory of her strange adventure with the eagle.

Then the messengers knew that this was the girl whom Pharaoh had sent them to find, and they knelt before her and said, 'The good god Pharaoh Amasis...life, health, strength be to him!—bids you come with all speed to his palace at Memphis. There you shall be treated with all honour and given a high place in his Royal House of Women: for he believes that Horus the son of Isis and Oiris sent that eagle to bring the rose-red slipper and cause him to search for you.

Such a command could not be disobeyed. Rhodopis bade farewell to Charaxos, who was torn between joy at her good fortune and sorrow at his loss, and set out for Memphis.

And when Amasis saw her beauty, he was sure that the gods had sent her to him. He did not merely take her into his Royal House of Women, he made her his Queen and the Royal Lady of Egypt. And they lived happily together for the rest of their lives.





A little boy and his daddy were looking at a litter of puppies, planning to buy one, and the daddy asked the boy which one he wanted. The lad pointed to a pup whose tail was wagging furiously and said, "That one with the happy ending."

* * *

His name was Homi, and one day he came home from school looking so miserable that his mother was worried. "What is wrong," she finally asked. Out of his trouser pocket, Homi fished a note from the teacher which said: "Homi has been a very naughty boy. Please have a serious talk with him."

"What did you do?" asked mother.

"Nothing," sobbed Homi. "Except that the teacher asked a question and I was the only one who could answer it."

"H'm," murmured mother. "What was the question?"

"Who put the dead mouse in my drawer?" answered Homi

* * *

Boy: I made a hundred in school today, mummy.

Mummy: Good! What did you make it in?

Boy: Well, I made 40 in reading, 30 in spelling, and 30 in arithmetic.

* * *

Teacher Can you give me a sentence with the word 'officiate' in it?

Pupil: A man got sick from a fish he ate.

It was the little girl's first day at school, and the teacher was making out her registration card.

"What is your father's name?" asked the teacher.

"Daddy," replied the child.

"Yes, I know, but what does your mother call him?"

"Oh, she doesn't call him anything—she likes him!"

* * *

When the boy came to the birthday party, he shyly handed a box of chocolates to his little hostess.

"Oh—Cadbury's Caramels!" she squealed. "My favourites!" Quickly she opened the box then her face fell. "Why," she cried, "it's empty!"

The boy squirmed unhappily. "Well, uh—" he confessed, "they're my favourites, too."

* * *

"Ajay," said the teacher, "suppose your mother baked a cake and there were seven of you in the family—your parents and five children. What part of the cake would be your share?"

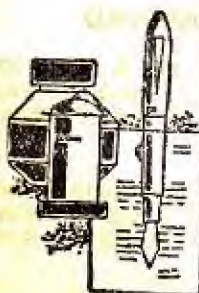
Without hesitation the boy replied, "one sixth."

Annoyed at such apparent dumbness, the teacher persisted, "But, Ajay, there are seven of you. Don't you know anything about fractions?"

"Of course, I know something about fractions!" Ajay retorted. Then he added in a calmer voice, "But I also know my mother. She would say she didn't want any cake!"

* * *

Sign in pet shop window: "Lonely kitten wants position with little girl. Will do light mouse-work."



pen friends

Only Subscribers can have their names published. Mention clearly your name, age, address, interests, S. R. No., Boy/Girl. Foreign readers may have their names printed, in exchange for 10 (used) commemorative stamps of their country.
Age limit: 18 years.

INDIAN

Kamal Goel (b 15)
Bimal Goel (b 13)

Both from:

7 Greenacres Stud Farm
P.O. THEWOOR,
Dt. Poona, Mah.
Stamps, coins, penpals
Penfriendship.

Santosh C. Kamath (b 11)
Britos Compound
Near Metropole Cinema
MARGAO 403 601, Goa
Stamps, reading, travelling

Arun Chachra (b 13)
24, C. H. Area
Panchvati
JAMSHEDPUR, Bihar
Stamps, coins, view cards

Kavita Ahuja (g 12)
47, Alok Park
MODINAGAR, U.P.
Reading, penfriends

Shakeel Khan (b 16)
C/o Dr. A. S. Khan
43, Bhupalwari
UDAIPUR 313 001, Raj.
Penfriends, reading, view cards

Sanjay Sangvai (b 16)
C/o V. D. Sangvai
Addl. Sessions Judge
PARBHANI 431 401, Mah.
Reading, chess, sports

Farah Patel (g 14)
8 A, Salisbury Park
C/o Hotel Parveez
POONA 411 001
Reading, music, sports

Sunil V. Shroff (b 10)
37/11 Prabhat Road
6th Lane
POONA 411 004
Stamps, view cards, coins.

Alia Querishi (g 15)
St. Joseph's Convent,
PANCHGANI,
Dt. Satara, Mah.
Correspondence, dancing, music

Vinod Reddy (b 16)
Anil Harlalka (b 16)
Both from:

Bishop Cotton Boys' School
St. Mark's Road
BANGALORE 1
Stamps, view cards, photography
Stamps, coins, reading

Gaya Javid A. Latif (b 14)
176, Zakaria Masjid Street
2nd Floor
BOMBAY 400 009
Stamps, cricket, reading

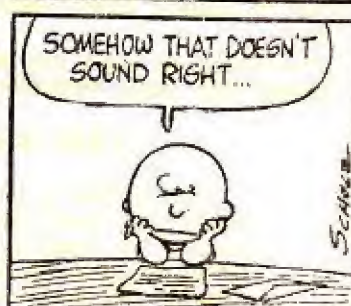
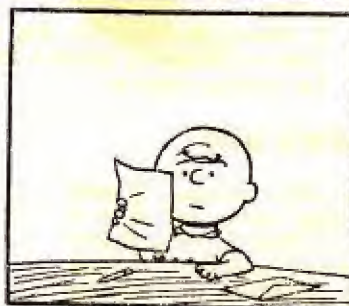
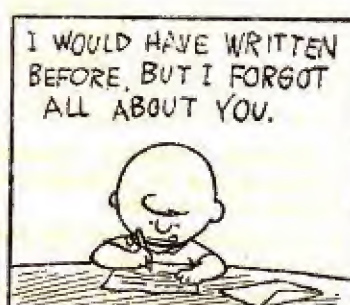
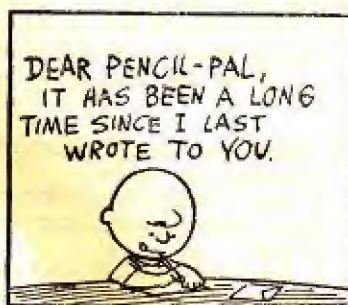
M. Jagan Mohan (b 15)
Loyola Public School
Nallapadu
GUNTUR 522 005, A.P.
Reading, stamps, view cards.

FOREIGN

Nazimuddin Simrick (b 17)
Soomaroo Ltne
Pointe Aux Piments
TRIOLET, Mauritius
Swimming, reading, football

Jawariah Mat Sari (g 16)
1994, Kampong Puah Seberang
Sentual Pasar
KUALA LUMPUR, Malaysia
Stamps, view cards, reading

Husnain R. Fazal (b 17)
P.O. Box 5068
Dar es Salaam
TANZANA (E. Africa)
F.D.C.'s, stamps.



POINT WINNERS

(September 1976)

HOW WELL HAVE YOU READ THIS ISSUE?

2 Points: Suddhasatwa Roy 2428, M. Jagan Mohan 3217, Gopal Singh Yadava 4585/2, Mohit Gupta 3264, Philamon P. K. 2535, Rao Madan Mohan 977/37, Addagarla S. 5537, Rakesh Kumar Singh 3274, Rita Munshi 3037, Chaitan Khosla 977/41, Gaya J. A. Latif 5574, Kamal Goel 5515, Pranotosh Banerjee 977/24, Nirup Malkani 5592, Sheela Lakshman 1965, Rohit Manaktala 1537, Atul P. Naik 2840, Manish Modi 977/32.

1 Point: Anil Kumar Agarwal 3408/23, Loisimai T. Khonglam 2213, Probir Saha 4585, S. Ravindra Kumar 2716, Suhas Sadekar 5625/1, Tridib Purkayastha 2946, Leonardo D'Souza 2003, Miranjan Mayya 977/10, Lynda Massey 5528, Cyprian Silva 9208, Mini Mahajan 2934, Anjana Maitra 2396, Mahesh G. Malkarnekar 2967, K. Sudesh 3074, T. S. Seetha Ram 3807.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1. Polio 4. Abide 7. Pea 8. North 10. Liv 11. Act 12. Tale 15. Grab 16. Soda 19. Iota 22. Pram 24. Dare 26. Ado 27. Icy 29. Photo 31. Aim 32. Slate 33. Draft.

DOWN: 1. Pirate 2. oval 3. Conversations 5. Bat 6. Exotic 7. Pal 9. Habit 13. Cud 14. Obi 17. Orlop 18. Ape 20. Old 21. Plants 23. Resent 25. Arm 28. Yard 30. Hit.

***Bacteriologist**—A scientist who studies bacteria, i.e., germs found in air, water and other substances.

***Infantile Paralysis**—An infectious disease (also known as poliomyelitis or polio) that starts with the spinal cord and spreads over more and more muscles, thus deforming the body.

HOW WELL HAVE YOU READ THIS ISSUE?

State whether the following are 'true' or 'false', giving reasons for 'false' statements. Send your answers to "Contests, Sunshine, Poona 1". The entry should be on an independent sheet, mentioning clearly name and SR Number. 2 Points for correct entries, 1 Point for one-error entries. Last Date October 30.

1. Medical research requires patient testing of thousands of viruses and vaccines.
2. Eye-catching clothes are part of your beauty program.
3. To be beautiful you need two hours of physical activity every day.
4. Practically any object can be charged with static electricity.
5. Mars' and Earth's geological evolution was similar.
6. The Viking laboratory on Mars works under computer control.
7. American scientists send messages to Viking by a simple radio system.
8. Viking searches for life on Mars by having its cameras look for moving objects.
9. East Germany made a clean sweep of the men's swimming at the 1976 olympic, while the USA took the women's swimming events.

LAST MONTH'S QUIZ

1. True 2. True 3. False (The birdsong of each species is distinct, but they cannot tell if it is more or less beautiful.) 4. True 5. False (Carotenoids absorb green, blue and violet light.) 6. False (Instead, you should say something to make the giver feel pleased with himself.) 7 True

CLOSING THOUGHT

Ideas are funny little things; they won't work unless you do.



Sunshine